

Eating for Health

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;— 5
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by, 15
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way, 20
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded ~~down~~ ^{down}
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Toun, 25
And all the vales beneath that lie,

Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
 'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain 30
 Assistance from the hand to gain,
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear! 35

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose,
 Ever the hollow path twined on, 40
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept deep and still, 50
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds? traversed by few, 60
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side.
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65

When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
 All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70
 Nor soon expected back from war
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."—
 "Yet why a second venture try?"—
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!— 75
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws:
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
 The merry glance of mountain maid.
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone."— 85

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 —"No, by my word;—of bands prepared 90
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."— 95
 "Free be they flung!—for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 100
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan

Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight
 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart." 110

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120
 If it were in the court of heaven."—
 "Still was it outrage;—yet, 't is true,
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command, 125
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain 130
 His herds and harvest reared in vain —
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,— 135
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140
 With gentle slopes and groves between.—
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land. 145
 Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell

Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fatten'd steer or household bread;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150
 And well the mountain might reply,—
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore'
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.' 155
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain 160
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share. 165
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“And, if I sought, 170
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?”—
 “As of a meed to rashness due
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,— 175
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury”—
 “Well, let it pass, nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride.
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen

In peace; but when I come agen,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow, 190
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!"— 195

IX.

"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
 And he was answer'd from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen 210
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still. 215
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now? 225
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave — Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air, 230
 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he boie,
 And firmly placed his foot before —
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I" 235
 Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand: 240
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low, 245
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250
 Where heath and fern were waving wide:
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone. 255

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest,—I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford: 265
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,

Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on;—I only meant 270
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu ”
 They moved — I said Fitz-James was brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive; 275
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide,
 So late dishonour'd and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanish'd guardians of the ground, 285
 And still, from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind 290
 The pass was left; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305
 And to the Lowland warrior said —
 “ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,

This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward. 310
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See here, all vantageless I stand, 315
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword "

XIII.

The Saxon paused.—"I ne'er delay'd,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade; 320
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death.
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved:
 Can nought but blood our feud atone? 325
 Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel,
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead; 330
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife'."—
 "Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,— 335
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand, 345
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,

Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate —
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light 355
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair"—
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! 360
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, uth, begone!—
 Yet think not that by thee alone, 365
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stein,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain, 375
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward, 385
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood; 390

No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof, 395
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!" 405
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 —Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung; 410
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel, 415
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 His knee was planted in his breast; 420
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
 But hate and fury ill supplied 425
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye. 430
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.

The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose. 435

XVII

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appear'd his last, 440
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the blade,—
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that Faith and Valour give."
 With that he blew a bugle-note, 445
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave
 Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; 450
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
 By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed;
 Each onward held his headlong course, 455
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
 With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
 —"Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight; 460
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight,
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
 The sun rides high;—I must be boune,
 To see the archer-game at noon;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obey'd, 470
 With arching neck and bended head,

And glancing eye and quivering ear
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475
 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
 Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonia's hill they flew; 485
 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
 His merry-men follow'd as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre; 495
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier,
 They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground, 500
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career look'd down. 505

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung —
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey, 510
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,

With which he scales the mountain-side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom? 515
 "No, by my word; a burly groom
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace"—
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
 And jealousy, no sharper eye? 520
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! 525
 The uncle of the banish'd Earl
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe
 The King must stand upon his guard,
 Douglas and he must meet prepared." 530
 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
 They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
 Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf, 535
 Held sad communion with himself—
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear! 545
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
 How excellent! but that is by,
 And now my business is—to die.
 —Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled; 550
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555

Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
 But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
 And see! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what masquers meet! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day
 James will be there; he loves such show, 565
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570
 And play my prize;—King James shall mark,
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,
 His boyish wonder loved to praise”

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
 The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung,
 And echo'd loud the flinty street
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.
 And ever James was bending low,
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
 Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
 And well the simperer might be vain,—
 He chose the fairest of the train.
 Gravely he greets each city sire,
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
 “Long live the Commons' King, King James!”
 Behind the King throng'd peer and knight, 595
 And noble dame and damsel bright,
 Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay

Of the steep street and crowded way.
 —But in the train you might discern
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern ; 600
 There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,
 And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd,
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banish'd man,
 There thought upon their own grey tower, 605
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deem'd themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout. 610
 There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill. 620
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
 A silver dart, the archer's stake;
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight, 630
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes, 635
 Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.

—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear. 640
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd; 645
 Indignant then he turn'd him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bair,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650
 From its deep bed, then heav'd it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky,
 A rood beyond the farthest mark;—
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past, 655
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
 The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
 A purse well-fill'd with pieces broad.
 Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd, 665
 Who now, with anxious wonder scan,
 And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
 Till whispers rose among the throng,
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,
 Must to the Douglas blood belong;
 The old men mark'd, and shook the head, 670
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
 Was exiled from his native land 675
 The women praised his stately form,
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;
 The youth with awe and wonder saw

His strength surpassing Nature's law.	
Thus judg'd, as is their wont, the crowd,	680
Till murmur rose to clamours loud	
But not a glance from that proud ring	
Of peers who circled round the King,	
With Douglas held communion kind,	
Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ;	685
No, not from those who, at the chase,	
Once held his side the honour'd place,	
Begirt his board, and, in the field,	
Found safety underneath his shield ;	
For he, whom royal eyes disown,	690
When was his form to courtiers known !	

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,	
And bade let loose a gallant stag,	
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,	
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,	695
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,	
Might serve the archery to dine.	
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side	
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,	
The fleetest hound in all the North,—	700
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.	
She left the royal hounds mid-way,	
And dashing on the antler'd prey,	
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,	
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.	705
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport	
By strange intruder broken short,	
Came up, and with his leash unbound,	
In anger struck the noble hound.	
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,	710
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,	
And last, and worst to spirit proud,	
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;	
But Lufra had been fondly bred	
To share his board, to watch his bed,	715
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck	
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;	
They were such playmates, that with name	
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.	
His stifled wrath is brimming high,	720

In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore 725
 Such blow no other hand could deal
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
 But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack! 730
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
 King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war, 735
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—
 "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!" the monarch said;
 "Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan, 740
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow and haughty look?— 745
 What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward.—
 Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
 "Break off the sports!" he said, and frown'd, 750
 "And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day
 The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
 Repell'd by threats and insult loud; 755
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.

At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep;
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disorder'd roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw 765
 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading soldier said,—
 "Sir John of Hyndford! 't was my blade
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed permit me then 770
 A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honour, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland's laws. 775
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?
 Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low, 780
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind,
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour, 785
 To know those spears our foes should dread,
 For me in kindred gore are red;
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
 For me, that mother wails her son;
 For me, that widow's mate expires; 790
 For me, that orphans weep their sires;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!" 795

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd

For blessings on his generous head,	
Who for his country felt alone,	800
And prized her blood beyond his own.	
Old men, upon the verge of life,	
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife ;	
And mothers held their babes on high	
The self-devoted Chief to spy,	805
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,	
To whom the prattlers owed a sigh	
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;	
As if behind some bier beloved,	
With trailing arms and drooping head,	810
The Douglas up the hill he led,	
And at the Castle's battled verge,	
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.	

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,	
With bitter thought and swelling heart,	815
And would not now vouchsafe again	
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.	
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule	
This changeling crowd, this common fool?	
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,	820
With which they shout the Douglas name?	
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat	
Strain'd for King James their morning note ;	
With like acclaim they hail'd the day	
When first I broke the Douglas' sway ;	825
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,	
If he could hurl me from my seat.	
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,	
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !	
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,	830
And fickle as a changeful dream ;	
Fantastic as a woman's mood,	
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.	
Thou many-headed monster-thing,	
O who would wish to be thy king !	835

XXXI.

"But soft ! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?

I guess his cognizance afar—
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 840
 Within the safe and guarded ground
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew; 845
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand array'd
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
 To break their muster march'd, and soon
 Your grace will hear of battle fought; 850
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."—

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier look'd to this: 855
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860
 We do forbid the intended war:
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight;
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco. fly!"— 870
 He turn'd his steed,—“My liege, I hie,—
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.”
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
 And to his towers the King return'd. 875

XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay,
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song
Not less upon the sadden'd town 880
The evening sunk in sorrow down
The burgheis spoke of civil jar,
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms —the Douglas too, 885
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
“Where stout Earl William was of old”—
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade 890
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd,
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun, 895
And lasted till the set of sun
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

NOTES.

CANTO V

1. The construction is somewhat complicated in the long sonorous roll of the stanza Martial Faith and the star of war, shine as fair as the first beam of the morning
- 6 The meaning depends on giving (1) 'giving', agreeing retrospectively with 'that beam' = the morning beam gives to the pilgrim, when he looks back, a feeling of pride in the danger he has passed, and lends a grace even to the wild scenery (2) 'giving', agreeing prospectively with 'Faith' and 'Courtesy's star' = Faith and courtesy in war give a grace to the horrors of strife, and pride in the hour of danger
- 12 rousing = starting up from sleep, intransitive
- 14 dappled, flecked with clouds
- 15 Mutter'd by, hastily mumbled over.
- 15 soldier matins, noun as adjective, so 'soldier meal', 17. The morning prayer was short, as that of William of Deloraine, *Lay*, ii 65-68
16. to steal, take hastily; "Each glance he stole", ii 603
- 17 As short, i.e. as short as their prayers
- 22 wildering = 'bewildering'
- 25 The windings, the Links of Forth, ii 679 Cf. iv. 230
- 32 bursting through, ungrammatical = as they burst through.
- 33 The comparison of Beauty's tear to the dew on the bough is one of Scott's constant similes, e.g. his lines on *The Violet* ("The violet in her greenwood bower" &c.) *Beauty's tear*, see note to iv 675
- 39 ridge on ridge; cf *Marmion*, iv 615, "Whose ridgy back", &c
42. An hundred For Scott's use of indef article see note to ii 477.
- 44 cloak, cf i 274-5.
- 46 shingles, loose pieces torn off from rock (Lat *scindula*, *scindo*, I cleave) Cf note to iv 652
- 49 Rivalled the copse in height
- 54 cumber'd, encumbered, piled up Cf. note to iii 387
- 57 abating of = abating
- 58 jaws, entrance So L. *fauces*, of a pass, "jaws of death" (*Light Brigade*) Cf iv. 165.
- 61 pass, passport, safe-conduct Cf ii 810
- 70 afar, far off afar = afar = A S of *feor* Cf *akin*, *anew*
- 73 deep, adverbially
- 75 warrior thou, cf ii 450, note
- 77 poor mechanic, dative The line is valuable for the light shed on chivalry. The necessary outcome of the feeling of chivalry was a class-feeling, exerting "a yet more fatal influence in its narrowing of all sympathy to the noble classes, and its exclusion of the peasant and the craftsman from all claim to pity It is the knight without reproach (Edward I) who looks on at the massacre of Berwick, and sees in William Wallace nothing but a common robber" (Green) Cf the cruel conduct of the Black Prince to the 'burghers' at Limoges in 1370, and his 'Faith and courtesy' (8) to the knights
87. ye. For the form see on i 656
- 89 Mar, the Earl of Mar. "Where Huntly and where Home?" *Marmion* vi 998
- 92 aught, adverbially. See note, iv 223.
- 95 in Doune See iv. 150, note, peaceful, adverbially
- 96 Free be they flung to the wind Cf. the lines by Macaulay (*Armada*) on flinging wide the folds of the flag.

- 99 pine, "banneted pine," u 391.
note
- 102 show, appear to be Shakspeare
Antony and Cleopatra, iv 8 7.
"You have shewn all Hectors"
(constant use by Dryden)
- 105 Nought=naught=no-whit "No
whit weary did he seem," *Lay*, iii.
31 O E *whit*, person or thing
- 106 Save as, except that he was.
Save so far as he was
- 108 Regent's court See on 125
- 110 Yet this alone, this fact alone
might make loyal men shun him
- 112 arraignment, accusation, calling
to reason (L. *ad, rationem*)
- 113 Dark lower'd, adverbially,
"dark lowers the tempest overhead"
(*Exultation*)
116. that=(1) How that, or (2) that
word which
118. What reck'd, what cared?
"little he'll reck, if they let him sleep
on" (*Burial of Sir John Moore*)
- 120 it is given=on the spot
- 124 John, Duke of Albany—son of
Robert, the younger brother of
James III—was the person on whom
the eyes of the nobles turned, in their
disgust at the Queen Dowager
Margaret having married the Earl
of Angus, as Regent during the
minority of James V. He arrived
18th May, 1515, but his French
retinue and his personal unpopularity
soon forced him to return to France,
where he remained till 1521. His
power was alternately opposed by the
factions of the Queen and of Earl
Angus, and, after a disgraceful
surrender of Norham Castle to the
English, on a rumour of the approach
of the Earl of Surrey, he left Scot-
land in 1524 never to return, amid
the hatred of all classes
- 125 truncheon, the baton, a symbol
of power O F *troncon*, dimin of
trunc (L. *truncus*), from its wooden
shaft. e.g. "the truncheon of a
spear", *Lay*, i 198
126. young King, for the power of the
Angus faction during the minority of
the king, see u 142
- 126 mew'd, confined, metaphor from
the place (*mews*) where the hawks
were confined, while casting or
moulting their feathers (Fr *muer*,
Lat *mutare* to change) 'Mews'
now=stables, because the royal
- falconry was converted, in 1534, into
stables
- 126 Stirling tower, see on iv 412
James, during his confinement by the
Angus factions, was kept at Edin-
burgh, and Falkland Palace in Fife.
It was by fleeing to Stirling that he
regained his power
- 127 "There is scarcely a more dis-
orderly period in Scottish history than
that which succeeded the battle of
Flodden, and occupied the minority
of James V. Feuds of ancient
standing broke out like old wounds,
and every quarrel among the inde-
pendent nobility, which occurred
daily, and almost hourly, gave rise
to fresh bloodshed." (Scott)
- 128 But then, i.e. in addition
- 129 causeless strife, the Lowlanders
giving him no offence
- 130 swain, peasant A S *swain*
Scott (*Marmion*, vi xxxvi) contrasts
the "lord" with "peasant swain".
- 132 Methinks, it appears to me—
'me' if the compound is dative Cf
him listed, *Lay*, u 141 The verb
is A S *thyncan*, to seem, impersonal,
'think' trans is A S. *thencan*.
- 134 the while See on u 17
- 137 delighted eye, transferred epi-
thet, i 67, note
- 137-150 The argument here put into
the mouth of Roderick is pretty
much the same as that put by Fenimore
Cooper into the mouths of the
Indians in his novels how every
year "sees the noble red-man driven
nearer the setting sun".
- 145 reft, tore, see u 171, note
148. Ask we=if we ask
- 149 steer, young ox.
- 153 Belong the target and clay-
more the weapons with which
Agricola found the ancient Britons
armed under Galgacus Cf. Mac-
aulay, *Prophecy of Cypys*, xxi:
"Thine, Roman, is the pilum, Roman,
the sword is thine", &c.
- 156 Pent, cooped up—agreeing with
'we'.
- 160 Saxon .Gael "The Scottish
Highlander calls himself Gael and
terms the Lowlanders Sassenach or
Saxons" (Scott).
- 161 shock of grain, 'shock of corn',
Job, v. 26 A.S. *scoc*, a heap of
threescore

- 163 river's maze, *z e* the Links, or windings, of the Forth
- 165 "So far was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command, so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprize of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach" (Scott)
- 173 ambuscade, lying in wait in the wood Italian, *imboscata* (*m*, and *bosco*, a wood, E *bush*)—military term, introduced into French at Court of Francis I, along with *carabine*, *squadron* (1640), *infantry*, *citadel*, *alert*, *alarum*, &c.
174. I think of it as I would of a meed, meed = reward. A S. *med*, Ger *muetha*
- 182 an augury, a prediction or prophecy, iv. 771 the *Taghairm*
- 187 match me, match myself
- 192 love-lorn swain, *lost* in love *Lay*, ii. 249—"thou art lorn"
- 193 appointed hour = the time agreed upon for meeting
- "Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea," &c
Quentin Durward, ch iv
- 194 stand, subjunctive
- 198 curlew, moor bird of the woodcock kind—so called (O F. *corlieu*) from the sound of its cry
- 200 instant, adverbially, iv 750
- 207 into, rise up into, to take the form of.
- 211 full five, adverbially, 'full fathom five', Shakespeare (*Tempest*), "full many a flower", Gray (*Elegy*)
214. beck=sign or signal
- 216 They hung on the mountain side like the loose crags which lay tottering as if, &c.
- 223 living side, the mountain was now one living mass of men
- 232 he bore, set his back to the wall
- 234 Come one, come all, for the imperative cf. *King John*, vi 7 116 "Come the three corners of the world in arms" The exclamation of Fitz-James was that of the Earl of Athole at the battle of Culblen, 1335 "He looked at a great rock beside him, and swore an oath that he would not fly that day until that rock should shew him the example." *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch xiv
240. Short space, adverbial clause
- 249 plumage, collective 'plumes' of the individual warriors So *Lay*, ii 57, 'what plumage'
- 252 glinted, reflected, glanced.
- 253 glaive, sword Fr *glaiue*, L *gladius*: claymore (big sword)
- 253 jack, plaited or quilted doublet of iron *Marmion*, v iii, "His plate jack was braced, and his helmet was laced" Scott: *Eve of St John* O F *jaque*—the diminutive *jaquette* = "jacket"
- 261 to In reply to his wondering look.
- 262 that, *z e* I need not say "fear nought" to thee
265. As far as, to lead thee as far as
- 270 move we on=let us move on. See on i. 307, "pass we that"
- 270 I only meant=I meant *only*
- 274 I said, the poet to his readers, *e g* ii 72, 78, iii. 611
- 275 As ever was any knight that buckled on a sword *Lay*, iv 143
277. wont=wonted (i. 409, note), accustomed. temper'd, regular, L *tempero*
288. plover, a river and meadow bird O F *plouvier*—making its appearance in rainy (L. *pluo*, I rain) seasons
- 288 shrilly=shrill; 'steeply hill', iii. 304, "stilly night" (Moore)
- 291 wind, the tenses being all past, is careless (for rime)="wound"
298. three mighty lakes Lochs Katrine, Achray, Vennachar "The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and east-most of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor called Bochastle. Upon a

- small eminence called the *Dun* of Bochart, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been called Roman" (Scott) It is, according to some, the district where Galgacus fought with Agricola. There are at Aidoch near Dunblane very perfect remains of a Roman Camp
- 300 *mines*, saps, undermines
- 303 *eagle wings*, in reference to the 'eagle' (L. *aquila*) borne as the standard of the legions
- 308 *Vich-Alpine*, the son of Alpine
- 313 Man opposed to man, "eye to eye", brand to brand iv 775
- 315 *vantageless*, without any advantage over you, armed simply as you are, *advantage* from Fr *avantage*, Lat *ab, ante*
- 318 *keep thee*, defend thyself
- 322 *sure, surely* — thy generosity deserves a better reward at my hands than thy death
325. *atone*, reconcile, put *at-one* See iv 421
- 326 *Are there no means?* *Means*, according to most grammarians, is to be used in the singular when the signification is singular, and in the plural when the signification is plural
- 327 *flagging zeal* = drooping, failing
- 329 *prophet bred between living Brian*, iii v -vii
- 334 *riddle read*, interpreted (A S *raedan*, Ger *rathen*, advise, *reden*, to speak) *Hamlet*, i 3: "recks not his own *rede*"
- 336 *Red Murdoch*, the treacherous guide of Fitz-James, iv 620-30
336. *stark and stiff*, *stark* = hard A.S. *steare* - cf 'starch', 'stark-naked', 'stark mad' = wholly mad
- 343 *plight*, pledge
- 344 *strengths*, strongholds.
350. *Homage* ii 658, note.
- 351 *He*. For the repetition, emphatic, of pronoun cf *Henry IV*, ii. 4 250. "I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, — I"
- 356 *carpet knight*, one who had been dubbed knight not for bravery on the field of battle, but for ability to please the court. Shak., *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4: "a knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on *carpet* consideration".
- 361 *steels my sword* = takes away all thought of pity
- 369 *blast*, to summon his attendants.
- 381 *studs*, the knobs or bosses of the shield "A round target of light wood covered with strong leather and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier fight into general use" (Scott)
- 384 *ze* the blade of Fitz-James, who had been trained abroad in the French (i 163) school of fencing, served alike for the purposes of sword and shield Cf. fencing scene in *Hamlet* (*French* style), act v ii. 148, sqq
- 385, 386 *ward guard*, see i. 560, the infinitives in apposition to 'pass' and 'ward'
- 389 *closing strife* = coming together body to body, when wounds must be inflicted
- 398 *Foiled* (see ii 691), *ze*, till the sword of Fitz-James forced the sword from the hand of Roderick, thus taken at advantage, and brought the chieftain to his knee
- 406 *recreant*, coward, properly (Fr. *recreant*), one who changes his belief (L. *re*, back, *credo*, I believe)
- 407 *adder from his coil* viper uncoiling itself A S *naedre*, originally = *nadder* cf a *nadder* = an adder, a *nap(e)ron* = an apron, a *nawt* = a newt; an *ouch* = a nouch (O F *nouche*, a buckle), orange = *noorange* (Persian *narang*), by a mistaken association with Fr. *or*, gold A *nag* = a *ag*, cf L *equus* — Bain, *H.E.G.*, p. 228
- 408 *toil* = web or net The singular is exceptional in this sense
- 413 The address of the poet to his readers (274), not of Roderick to the knight. The duel scene is borrowed by Scott from an incident in the life

- of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel. "They closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but Lochiel, jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and brought away his mouthful. This, he said, *was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime*"
416. **triple steel** One of Scott's few classical quotations Horace, i 3 9 "*aes triplex*"
- 435 **close**, not=end, but=grasp. Cf ii 372, v 388
- 436 **breathless all**, completely breathless
441. **dipped the braid**, iv. 683
- 444 Roderick has fought well, he deserves all praise for his good faith to me as guide, and for his valour
- 447 **Unbonneted**, p t doffed his bonnet
- 447 **wave**, poetical for stream "Deep drank Lord Marmion of the *wave*" *Marmion*, vi 933
- 448 Scott has in his eye the encounter between King Robert Bruce and the Galloway men *Talis of a Grandfather*, ch viii. "When the soldiers came up they found the king wearied but unwounded, and sitting on a bank, where he had cast off his helmet to wipe his brow and cool himself in the night air" (*Tytler*, there quoted)
- 452 **squires**, attendants = 'shield-bearers', Fr *escuyer*, L *scutarius*.
- 456 **by**, by the side of: "chance sown by the fountain", ii 410
- 461 **palfrey**, lady's horse; Fr. *palefroi*, L L *paraveredus*, an extra horse in traces an extraordinary compound of Greek *para*, beside, L. *veho*, I carry, *rheda* (*rota*, wheel), a gig
- 462 For Ellen Douglas, iv. 411.
- 464 I will ride before.
- 465 **weed** see on iv 506
- 466 **rides**, with (almost forgotten to the author) allusion to the old legend of Helios the sun-god of the Greeks, driving his team of horses from east to west up over the steep of heaven Milton (*Comus*, 190)
- 466 **houn** ready iv 157. note
- allusion to the horse of Chalmagne in the romances
- 474 **stirrup** A S *stigrap* = the mounting-rope (A S *stigan*, to climb, *stair*, &c)
- 481 Erect and fairly balanced in the saddle. "still sate the warrior saddle-fast". *Lay*, iii. 63
- 482 **bolt from steel crossbow**, the '*quarrel*' or square-headed bolt from the crossbow, e.g. borne by Denys of Burgundy the arbalestier of Charles Reade's novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*
- 484 **that rapid torrent**, the Teith. *Carhoun, Torry, Lendrick, Deans-town, Blair-Drummond, Kier, Ochertyre*, are places or residences on the banks of the Teith between Vennachar and Stirling, and all belonged to friends of Scott.
- 485 "I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable" (Scott, Preface to *Lady of the Lake*)
- 486 **prick'd**, spurred. So Macaulay (*Jory*). "The fiery Duke is *pricking* fast across Saint André's plain" The whole passage should be compared with Browning's spirited lines. "*How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix*".
- 487 **as they might**, as best they could
- 492 **banner'd towers of Doune**, not general sense, as ii 142, but special, iv. 150
- 496 **glance**..disappear, are infinitives
- 497 **ancient Kier**, the house of the ancient family of Stirling-Maxwell
- 502 **Right-hand**, adverbially, on the right hand
- 503 **bulwark of the North**. Stirling Castle guarded the road that led to the Highlands
- 504 **Grey Stirling**, see on 'Dunfermline grey' iv 227. *Cromartie* at

- 509 to his stirrup, to the side of Fitz-James
- 512 array, attire vi 221
- 516 groom, man or fellow, see on *bridegroom*, iii 496
- 525 Saint Serle Lord Jeffrey attacked Scott for having, perhaps from mere stress of rime, introduced "one of the rarest saints in the calendar"
- 526 uncle As before stated ii 143¹, the Douglas of the poem is a purely imaginary person For the whole story, on which Scott models the character of Douglas, see *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch xvi
- 529, 530 guard prepared Scott unconsciously uses guard in the Scottish pronunciation Cf iv. 500, vi 225, *Marmion*, iii 375
- 532 postern, back-gate F *posterne*
- 536 Thought sadly of the position in which he stood
- 540 steel=sword (metonymy).
- 544 bride of Heaven, as nun So Clare in *Marmion*, and Lady Isabel (*Lord of Isles*, iv 221)
- 550 A Douglas by his sovereign bled *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch xvi For the death of Earl William, Eighth Earl Douglas, at Stirling, in 1452, by the hand of James II, see ii 222, note
- 551 fatal mound, i.e. the heading-hill, north-east of the castle, where state criminals were executed
- 557 jolly peal, from the steeple of the Grey-Friars, built by James IV in 1494 The Franciscans, or followers of St Francis of Assisi, were the Grey-Friars, the Carmelites were the White-Friars, the Dominicans or Black-Friars were followers of St Dominic of Spain
- 558 reel "wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires" Macaulay (*Armada*)
- 560 motley, party-coloured. 'Motley' as noun = the dress of a clown "Motley's the only wear" (*As You Like It*, ii 7 34)
- 560 masquers, masqueraders, mummers
- 562 morrice-dancers The Morrice-dance was performed by masquers in costume, with bells at their heels and on their hoods It is the *Moorish*-dance, introduced into England by John of Gaunt, after his attempt on the crown of Spain in the right
- of his wife Constance, daughter of Pedro the Cruel, King of Leon and Castile. See Scott, *Abbot*, ch xiv, *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch xvi, for its description "To the sound the bell-decked dancer springs"—*Vision of Don Roderrick*, xlv
- 563 quaint, strange Fr *coint*, Lat *cognitus*, known—something noteworthy The assumed connection with the Latin *comptus* has given the secondary meaning of 'affected', 'strange'
- 564 "Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had its solemn play or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and other gymnastic exercises of the period Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V was very partial to them His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow"—Scott
- 566 yeoman, countryman—a man of the *gau* or district Ger *gau*, Gothic *gavi*, canton, e.g. Rheingau, Ober-Ammergau, Bungau Hence = a small landowner, not akin to A S *yeo-geman*, ghilly, or young man (Tyrwhitt), or to A S *geongra*, vassal (Morris)
- 571 play my prize, i.e. play my part in competition for the prize.
- 572 stark, stout, strong, see on 336
- 576 drawbridge rock'd and rung The drawbridge was let down by the portcullis to afford a pathway, cf *Marmion's* entry (i 54-9) into Norham Castle, and his exit from Tantallon (vi 436-44), and the mechanism of the portcullis in *Bridal of Triermain* (i xv)
- 581, 582 way huzza, for this careless rime see *Bridal of Triermain* (iii xxiv), "Northern day—hurra!"
- 582 Was, for the grammar see on iv. 377. 'claims'
- 582 jubilee, joy: "beat for jubilee the drum" (vi 112) The Jewish festival, recurring every fiftieth year, when slaves were freed and lands

- returned to their old owners (Leviticus xxv.), was the Jubilee, the season being ushered in by the blast of trumpet (Heb *yobel*, a trumpet)
- 584 **jennet**, Spanish horse, *Lay*, ii 90 (Sp *güeta*, through Moors)
- 585 **Doffing**, do-offing, 'don'=*do on* *Lord of Isles*, v 113, "his cowl the good old priest *did on*"
- 586 **blush'd for pride**, out of pride. A Scottish usage So "*dies for rage*" (vi 629)
- 587 **simperer**=coquettish person
- 589 **city sire**, the old men of the town. *Sire*=Fr *sire*, *sieur*=L *senior*, &c
- 593 **acclaims**=acclamations, poetical, ii 444
- 594 **Commons' King**. The king (vi 790-4) explains this title. He had broken the power of the unruly barons, of the Highland chiefs, and of the lawless Borderers (ii 28), and had elevated the power of the burghers of the towns. See *Tales of a Grandfather* (xlvii).
- 597 **brook'd**, endured the 'stay' or stoppage of the crowd
- 602 **mean burgher** See on 77, 'poor mechanic'
- 605 **grey tower** They thought on their home, and hated the necessity which forced them to take part in pageants they despised.
- 606 **feudal power**=the power which they held over their vassals, to whom they granted *fiefs*, *fens*, or *fees* (L L *feudum*), in return for their military service Cf "to hold in *fee*, to pay *fees*, to *feu* a house, *feu* duty", &c See vi 44, note
- 610 **chequer'd**, see ii. 757, note, *roust*, see i 67, note
612. **mazes**, of the dance, *beside the butts*=close to the butts, *i e* targets for the archers (Fr *but*, end, aim, goal)
- 614 **Bold Robin Hood** Robin Hood was the famous, though somewhat mythical, outlaw of "Merry Sherwood" Forest in Nottingham, born at Locksley in that county about 1160, his real name being apparently Robert Fitz-zooth. Scott's Locksley in *Ivanhoe* is modelled on this favourite person with the old ballad-writers ("the English ballad-singers' joy"—Wordsworth), who died at the advanced age of eighty-seven by the treachery of his relative,
- the Prioress of Kirkley, who allowed him to bleed to death when he had placed himself for blood-letting in her hands. His band was composed of Maid Marion, his trusty lieutenant *Little John*, *Friar Tuck* (the Friar of Copemanhurst in *Ivanhoe*), *Mutch* the Miller's son, *William Scarlet* or *Scathelock*, *George-a-Green*, and others
- 614 "The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation. From the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk it would seem these profane festivities were continued down to 1592. Bold Robin was equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England, for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him because it was Robin Hood's day" (Scott) Sir Walter (*T of G* ch 86 note) also notes the ideas of plunder associated with the Highland dress, interdicted after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, and the prohibition of the dress of bandits in masquerades in Italy, "as it is found to excite by association a liking to the free-booting trade"
621. **bow of might**, a mighty bow. See on iv 620
622. **in the white**, *i e* a bull's-eye, the centre being painted white. A blank-shot (Fr *blanc*, white) with us now means a miss.
- 624 The feat attributed here to Douglas, and to Locksley, in *Ivanhoe*, when he split Hubert's shaft, is drawn from that performed by William of Cloudesly in the old ballad, and by William Tell. It is one of great antiquity, found in all Teutonic legends
626. **stake**, the stake *won by* archers, *i e* the prize
- 630 **archer-wight**=(1) archer *man* (O E *wiht*), or (2) "wight" is the adjective A S *wig*, stout. "O for an hour of Wallace *wight*" (*Mar-mion*, vi 611).
- 631 **arrow** "The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries a sil-

- ver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to firearms" (Scott).
- 637 The little local touches give an air of reality to the scene Larbert in Stirlingshire, Alloa in Clackmannan
- 641 golden ring "The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story" (Scott)
- 644 Douglas would speak=wished to speak Cf French *il voudrait dire*.
- 648 bar in air, not throwing the hammer, but (651) putting the stone
- 650 The idea is taken from the *Odyssey* of Homer, where Ulysses at the court of Alcinous, King of Phæacia, performs the same feat.
- 653 rood=rod= $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.
- 657 decay, as the heroes in Homer and Virgil contrast the decay of men, as compared with those of a former generation
- 660 Ladies' Rock. The space under the castle rock at Stirling, commanding a view of the lists, where the fair ones took their station See *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch xxi
- 662 pieces broad An anachronism, the coin not existing in the strict sense) at this period The coin represented the king with a bonnet (vi 540), but when the coins of "Guinea-gold" were struck in 1663, the old twenty-shilling pieces of former dates, as being broader than the new coinage, were so called
- 666 the dark grey man An allusion to the name of Douglas, derived from the river Douglas in the vale of that name in Lanarkshire, the scene of Scott's *Castle Dangerous* Douglas=Gaelic *dubh-ghlaise*= "black-water"
- 673 feats upon the English, the deeds of the Douglas (Red and Black) family against the English of the borders
- 674 stalwart, strong, i 567, note
- 692 gambols, the revels of the populace
- 693 bade, absolutely=gave his men orders, for infinitive see iv. 47.
- 696 Bordeaux wine, wine from Bordeaux on the Garonne "Wine From *Bourdeaux*, Orleans, or the Rhine" —*Lay*, vi 109
- 697 archery=the archers (collectively), so "charge with all thy chivalry" (Hohenlinden. *Lay*, v 196, "vassalage", "goes merry minstrelsy" (*Ancient Mariner*), *Lady of the Lake*, vi. 434
699. Nor nor=neither nor, ii 606
- 708 leash, the band holding the greyhounds in the slips, iv 745
721. In, showing itself in, consisting in.
- 724 Needs=he needs, or (impersonally) it needs "Needs not to tell". *Lay*, v 441 "Fails not to tell", *Lay*, v 48
- 728 train, retinue "With Lord Moray's train," i 599
- 731 on your lives, on pain of your lives
- 731 menial pack, i 576, note
- 740 mis-proud, a coinage of Scott, so 'mis-aray', 752
- 741 James of Bothwell See on ii 142, "Thou wert the only one in whom my woman-like mercy was determined not to recognize an enemy"
- 751 our horsemen, our guard, 746 The *we* of majesty, ii 810, note
- 758 The bolder make war with stones, &c
- 761 The royal spears, spearmen, metonymy
- 768 Sir John of Hyndford, perhaps no particular person intended by Scott *Hyndford* is a village in Lanark.
- 768 my blade The order of knight-hood is now conferred by the Crown alone, but formerly it could be conferred by any knight For the accolade laid on the shoulder of the new-dubbed knight see *Marmion*, vi 359
- 770 For, in return for. Scott has in view St Paul in *Acts*, xxi 40.
- 773 fealty, loyalty
- 782 "Land of my sires, What mortal hand, Can e'er untie the filial band", &c. *Lay*, vi. 21
- 785 captive hour, transferred epithet, i 67, note
- 790 To know that the husband by dying makes his wife a widow 'Proleptic' use of noun
807. By whose resolution the children had not lost their father in the fight

- 809 bier beloved = the bier of a beloved friend
- 810 trailing arms, reversed, trailed on ground, not "ported"
- 812 battled verge, *z e* the entrance of the castle with its battlements "Gaunt's embattled pile" Macaulay (*Armada*)
- 819 changeling, see on 1 259 *Common fool*, showing its folly to all, with play on 'commons'. *Changing* = either (1) fickle, *changing*, or (2) of child stolen by fairies, replaced by one more distorted, and so = 'foolish'
- 829 Fantastic, fanciful (*Gr phantasia*).
- 832 woman's mood, *Marmion*, vi 902-5
- 834 many-headed monster, the populace, who turn their head to every breeze of flattery, "to call us the many-headed multitude" (*Coriolanus*, ii. 3, 16)
- 838 cognizance afar, the blazon on his coat of arms. When the vizor of the knight's helmet was down, he could be known only by this means of the cognizance, or badge of cognition (*Lat cognitio*)
- 839 our cousin, there is no special relation implied in 'cousin', the title being used, like *cous* in Shakespeare, by the kings in familiar talk. *John of Mar* = Earl of Mar
- 840 my liege, *z e* My liege Lord—Lord to whom, as vassals, we are bound (*Lat ligare*, to bind) in allegiance
- 840 He prays *that* your sports should keep within the bound (iv 387, note) of, &c
842. Roderick has summoned his men for a purpose yet unknown, but which is, most surely, directed against the Crown
- 847 banditti, the Italian form of the plural Cf. iii 177, note
850. Your grace, the old form of address to our Scottish kings, now "Your Highness", "Your Grace" is now used to a Duke Henry VIII first gave use to *Your Majesty*, but "Your Grace"—"the standard of *Her Grace*" (*Macaulay, Armada*)—long prevailed
- 852 provide, subjunctive
- 853 train, retinue
853. You put me in mind of what the confusion of the day made me forget. The king speaks all through in the regal "we" of majesty.
- 870 Braco, 'the second title', *z e*, the son's title of the then Earl of Mar Braco-Duff is name now borne by the Duke of Fife.
- 872 lily lawn The phrase means not 'lily-covered', but, simply as a ballad usage, 'flowery'
- 874 spurn'd, flew over proudly See 1. 99
- 882 civil jar = Civil strife "The mortal jar" *Lay*, i 75.
- 886 hold, the fortress, Stirling Castle.
- 887 stout Earl William See on 550.
889. finger on lip, not thinking it safe to speak out, but pointing meaningly to the dagger Cf *Hamlet*, i. v. 173-180.
- 891 west The Trosachs lie to the west of Stirling
- 897 giddy, vague, uncertain rumour
- 898 "Twilight on the landscape closed her wings." *Vision of Don Roderick*, 1 22v.